



# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



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· OF · NINETY · TWO ·  
: BOSTON :  
· LATIN · SCHOOL ·



· A. O. PRATT · des-et-del ·

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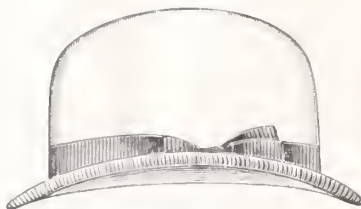
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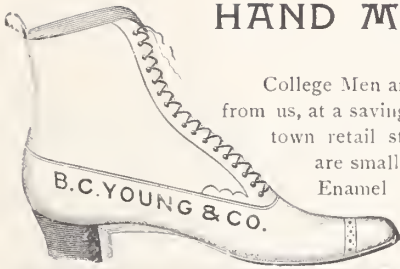
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## EDITOR'S DESK.

WE have searched encyclopædias, dictionaries, and numerous other learned works to discover the significance of the school colors which have been recently selected. Purple and white — royalty and purity. We fail to see any connection with this school, unless the royalty is very slightly suggestive of our gallant soldiery. And as for purity — alas! alas! But a member of the First Class has come to our aid with the remark that purple is a mixture of red and blue, and thus it combines the colors of our two great colleges, Harvard and Yale. He also calls our attention to the union of red, white, and blue. We can certainly congratulate the committee for its good taste in choosing colors, which, though they are simple, form a very beautiful combination.

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THE situation of the school in the midst of bricks and paving stones is a great inconvenience to it during the tennis season. However, the interest taken in the tennis tournament of the past month seems to show that more might be done in this line than has been done before. A tennis association would surely have a large membership, and there are several suggestions which such a society might carry out. A spring tournament is the one thing desired now, but the playing of some of those who took part in the tournament just finished deserves a good court and better accommodations. Further-

more, there is a good opportunity to make up for our lack of success in certain other branches of athletics by winning laurels from some of our neighbors, and especially from our next-door neighbor. To speak plainly, why should not the winner of our tournament challenge the winner of the High School tournament? And, lastly, cannot we send to the Interscholastic Tennis Tournament next spring a large number of contestants? Last year only one from our five hundred entered. We ought at least to win the largest number of matches, even if the winner of the tournament were not a representative of our school.

---

AT the class meeting a few weeks ago, a vote of thanks was given the House Committee of the Harvard Latin School Association for its kindness and hospitality during the preliminary examinations at Cambridge last June. We cannot imagine how we should have continued to exist, if we had not had a place to which we could flee for refuge and in which we could seek rest for our wearied minds and bodies in the intervals between the examinations.

---

## A FORTNIGHT IN ALASKA.

---

When the name "Alaska" is mentioned, one is apt to picture to himself a dreary waste of snow and ice and a temperature of something like 40° below. Well, Alaska is cold enough in the winter time, that is, that part of the territory north of the Aleutian Islands; but that section of the country isn't the part that tourists visit. The highest latitude that the excursion steamers attain is very nearly 60°, and south of that the thermometer rarely falls to

zero, owing, doubtless, to the influence of the Japan current.

The mention of Alaska caused thoughts of mittens, mufflers, overcoats, and all such cold weather necessities to rise in my mind, and likewise caused the aforesaid to be packed in my trunk. I was much surprised, then, to learn how little I needed these things when at length we were on our way.

The steamer *Mexico* left her dock at Tacoma at 4 A. M., and started up Puget Sound. Seattle was the first stop. There we took on freight and more passengers, and, after staying there two hours, started on our way once more. We touched at Anacortes and Port Townsend during the afternoon, and arrived at Victoria about ten the next morning, remaining there about two hours, in which I roamed about the city. The motor-men on the electric cars there are called "motorneers."

The evening saw us at Departure Bay, where we were to take on coal for the trip. The only time I ever saw Chinamen doing real hard work was here, in loading the little tram cars with coal and unloading it into the chutes. After leaving the mouth of the chute, the coal falls about forty feet into the hold of the vessel, where it is stowed away by more grimy Chinamen. This operation of coaling is not very conducive to profound slumber; however, there is an end to all things, even to coaling.

The next morning was bright and fair. Two boat-loads of the *Mexico's* passengers were towed across the bay to Nanaimo, where the coal mines are. After the town had been inspected and various purchases made, all hands returned to the *Mexico*, which soon was ploughing her way to Alaska through the Gulf of Georgia.

A run of six hundred miles without a stop was before us. There was not much to do but read or play cards or look at the scenery; not even the diversion of getting seasick was permitted, for the vessel was as steady as a

floor. I went to sleep on the hurricane deck one forenoon and slept about three hours in the bright sunlight, and then wondered what made my face so terribly red. Whales were seen very frequently, and one kept abreast with the ship for a mile or two and created no end of amusement by his awkward antics. Salmon were jumping out of the water on every side, and would glisten brightly in the sun for a moment and then fall back into the water. The general idea is that they jump just for fun, but it is interesting to hear the Indian explanation of the phenomenon. The salmon go up some river in the spring to spawn, and in going up-stream they are obliged to climb up the falls, if there are any. Now, the Indians say that the salmon knows by instinct that he will have to climb up these falls in the spring, and so all this leaping is for practice.

One evening, the second after leaving Nanaimo, the captain pointed out a cape dim in the distance, and said: "That is Cape Fox; when we get abreast of that, we are in Alaska waters." Immediately all were looking at Cape Fox and saying to one another, "Well, there's Alaska at last!"

When we went to bed that night we were in Uncle Sam's domains once more. We touched at Loring early the next morning before the passengers were awake, and so the first place in Alaska that anyone could conveniently get off at was Fort Wrangel. Fort Wrangel is a type of the average Alaska town. There is a row of Siwash huts extending along the beach, with a few frame houses in the central portion, where the white men, or "Boston" men, as all the whites are called by the Indians, live. Back of the town high mountains rise abruptly, so there is very little room between the sea and the mountains. At high tide the water comes right up to the houses, so what plank sidewalks they have are elevated three or four feet from the ground. These are so narrow and shaky that it is nip and tuck whether

you fall off into the water or not. Two of our passengers did fall off, in fact, and were rescued amid great excitement.

Fort Wrangel is one of the few Alaska towns that boast of fire departments. The fire department stands in an out-of-the-way corner, and consists of a fine hand-engine built as late as 1847.

In front of many of the Indian houses are the totem poles, which are tree trunks grotesquely carved, representing the pedigree of the family and crowned with an image of the animal which the family selects as its "trade-mark," so to speak. The most perfect totem poles in Alaska are at Fort Wrangel, some being twenty or thirty feet high. They are fast disappearing, though, through the combined influences of the weather and the tourists. Speaking of the weather reminds me to say that it rains on the average two hundred and eighty-five days in the year in Alaska, and in some parts of the territory even more. I was talking with a young Sitkan at one time, and he said, "Last year it rained almost every day. We had only two pleasant days, and," he added drily, "those two were foggy."

On the arrival of the steamer the Indians range themselves along the wharf with their wares spread out before them to tempt the traveller to buy. The souvenir spoon fad has penetrated to Alaska, and the Indians offer silver spoons, fashioned by native artisans, for \$3 each. However limited the Indian's English vocabulary may be, he can readily understand "How much?" and can say "Six bits" or "One dollar" with a facility not to be surpassed. Horn spoons, moccasins, buckskin purses, and miniature totem poles are some of the articles they display. It's a pretty close-fisted traveller who does n't lose sight of \$10 or so in exchange for these specimens of savage art.

Our next port was Juneau, which is the second largest city and most important trading

post in Alaska. It rained hard while we were here, but the Siwashes did n't seem to mind it any. Indeed, they say that they languish in dry and pleasant weather. We saw one family living in a cotton tent through which the water leaked as if through a sieve. Three or four little Siwash children, with no clothing on except a shirt, were playing around in front, and looked perfectly contented. The weather was cold and raw, but it apparently made no difference to them. If the rain had succeeded in removing some of the dirt from their persons, I should have felt better; but nothing short of a Turkish bath and a scrubbing-brush would have had any effect. The Siwash Indians, as a race, are about as dirty a people as ever I saw. They don't take even an annual bath.

Across the straits from Juneau is Douglas Island, where is situated the largest quartz mill in the world. It is really an immense affair. The stamping mill is a building about two hundred and fifty feet long. Here all the ore is crushed, and the roar and noise of the stamps is something terrific. It is utterly impossible to hear your own voice, no matter how loud you cry.

The ore comes from the gold mine, the entrance to which is but a short distance away from the mill. The ore is not particularly rich, and it is only by doing business on such a large scale that the mine can be made profitable. At this mine work is carried on three hundred and sixty-three days in the year, and twenty-two hours a day. During the night the mine and buildings are brilliantly illuminated by electric lights, which are the most northerly in America.

Douglas Island was left about 2 A. M., and we then headed for Sitka. Passing around the north end of Admiralty Island we steamed down the channel on the east of Chicagoff Island for four hours. Then we passed along the coast of Baranoff Island, on which Sitka



is located, and, doubling Cape Ommaney, stood out to sea, as the captain intended to make Sitka by the outside passage. Once on the ocean the ship began to get unsteady, and soon was pitching in fine style. Many of the passengers "felt tired," and retired to their rooms. Soon we struck a fog bank which made it impossible to see the ship's length. The captain, after pushing on for about an hour and finding no signs of the fog's lifting, turned about, and started for Sitka *via* the inside passage. In a short while we were in smooth water, and the afore-mentioned passengers, having rid themselves of their weariness, appeared on deck once more.

E. A. BALDWIN, '91.

(To be continued.)

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### MILITARY.

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I should like to state at the very beginning of this article that it is a considerable undertaking to invent something new in a military line, either in the way of exhortation or of reproof. But *aha!* I have it; I will comment on the step. Gentlemen, the step—but stay, an imperative duty must be performed.

The question of the higher officers' being mounted on the day of the Annual Parade has often been discussed in past years, but nothing has ever come of it. Now this year, why should not the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, the majors, the captains, the first lieutenants, the second lieutenants, the quartermasters, and the markers of the four battalions bestride gallant animals of the equine race? There is no doubt that fiery steeds of the two-for-a-cent class could be obtained of the West End Street Railway Company at their stables; and what a splendid feature they would be! Just picture to yourself the imposing spectacle.

The march is begun and everything is going smoothly. Suddenly a middle-aged lady rec-

ognizes an old acquaintance in the lieutenant-colonel's horse, and, thinking that, of course, her car must be right behind, waves her parasol as a signal to stop. "Can't stop between Boylston Street and the Museum crossing," says the lieutenant-colonel politely, and passes serenely on, while the middle-aged lady engages in hot pursuit. But it is impossible to catch up with the officer's charger, which is going at the rate of half a mile in two hours, so that she is finally forced to give up the chase.

One of the officers now resolves to test the metal of his war-horse, and administers a violent kick to Herr Pegasus' floating rib. Scarcely has he done so, however, when another middle-aged lady, an agent of the society with the elongated cognomen, steps up and puts him under arrest for cruelty to animals.

Only one other interruption occurs before the common is reached, and that is when a middle-aged lady stops the whole column to force a copy of "Black Beauty" upon the colonel. But that officer informs her that he is not allowed to receive any perquisites whatever when on duty, and she desists.

When the common is reached, the mounted cavaliers, headed by the two brigadier-generals, alias the markers, tear across the ground in mad career, but just as they have resigned themselves to death, the strains of "The Hungry Mike Patrol" fall on the ears of their steeds, and the poor skeletons of horses throw back their ears and expire.

This then is the picture. Shall we not rise as one man, and demand our rights, in the shape of horses? Peace to their Manes!

---

The following appointments have been made since the last issue of the REGISTER:—

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 1st *Serg.* Co. H, C. D. Drew.

## THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS IN 1630.

[PRIZE POEM, JUNE, 1891.]

Slowly the sullen smoke rose drifting seaward  
 From grim Vesuvius glowering o'er the bay.  
 Close nestled to the dark breast of the mountain,  
 The little village of Arausio lay

'Mid olive groves, as green as those the sunrise  
 Kissed on the Mount of Olives, when the eyes  
 Of the dear Savior loving viewed the city,  
 And heavenward from the morning sacrifice

The quivering cloud of incense was ascending,  
 As if afraid to trust the smiling sky,  
 Like prayers made half in faith and half in doubting,  
 And wafted trembling to the Deity.

Still was the air, and soft the silver ripples  
 Stole to the beach. Silent were land and sea,  
 Save where the waters broke with hollow murmur,  
 And where in gardens hummed the drowsy bee.

The whole land slept; the afternoon siesta  
 Its potent charm o'er town and villa spread.  
 Vesuvius felt its power, and the stern mountain  
 Softened his frown and hushed his mutterings dread.

And now the sun sank slowly to the ocean;  
 The western waters burned with golden light,  
 And e'en the sombre outlines of the mountain  
 Were turned to purple in the radiance bright.

Lower and lower till it touched the water  
 Sank the declining chariot of the sun;  
 Paused on the brink, as loath to mar such beauty,  
 Lingered a little moment, and was gone.

The day is done; the cool breeze of the evening  
 Comes stealing landward. Now the village street  
 Is bright with lights and gay with talk and laughter.  
 In groups around their doors the gossips meet.

Meantime, upon the square, the youth are dancing  
 To the guitar's and tambourine's quick pace;  
 Careless all seek enjoyment for the present,  
 And thoughtless pleasure reigns in every face.

But hark! a deep groan sounds from the volcano;  
 See! from the crater fire and steam are blown;  
 The firm earth trembles, and the shaking ocean  
 Breaks on the pebbles with a frightened moan.

The music dies; the dance unfinished endeth;  
 "Is it? Oh is it?" each white face implores  
 In agonized entreaty of its neighbor;  
 And, for reply, again Vesuvius roars.

Far up, the rugged mountain side is riven;  
 And, as all Hell were from its chains set free,  
 The pent-up lava, bursting forth resistless,  
 In molten rivers rushes to the sea!

The massive bulwarks of the crater tremble,  
 Swayed by convulsions dreadful far within;  
 A tearing sound — the black walls burst asunder,  
 And crash in ruin down with horrid din!

A mighty flame springs from the shattered summit,  
 The startled land for leagues around can spy  
 The towering pine tree, like the fiery pillar,  
 Rise red and lurid 'gainst the murky sky.

But see! straight toward the village of Arausio  
 A fiery stream directs its awful way,  
 And, like a demon singling out his victim,  
 Rushes remorseless on the helpless prey.

He seems to laugh and grin with glee satanic,  
 He growls and sputters with infernal mirth,  
 He tosses up his steamy mane, and, rushing,  
 Shakes with his giant tread the solid earth.

Down the steep slope the boiling torrent plunges;  
 Down on the town the burning rivers pour;  
 Shriek, groan, prayer, curse, are stifled in the roaring;  
 The rout sweeps on — Arausio is no more!

Still on the glowing avalanche careereth  
 Straight steering for the blood-red sea below,  
 Where flash the awful burnings of the mountain  
 Far o'er the water with a ruddy glow.

But lo! before th' advancing fiend, the ocean  
 Flees with a frightened whisper down the strand;  
 The ground is lifted in a vast upheaval,  
 Tossed by the earthquake in its mighty hand.

Prodigious quakings shake the earth's foundations,  
 Vast chasms split apart with deafening roar,  
 The stream of lava, like a wounded serpent,  
 Writhe in its course and beats the steaming shore.

But, as a child picks up his wooden city  
 Only once more to dash it from his hand,  
 So, quick as thought, the earthquake shock abated,  
 Back to its level, instant, dropped the land.

Then sure the adamant chains were severed,  
 And broken up the fountains of the deep!  
 From the abyss returning tenfold furious,  
 Ocean unbound came thundering up the steep!

Ten fathoms high his foaming crest uprearing,  
 As if to scale the mount were his intent,  
 The bellowing ocean rushed; each monster billow  
 Engulfed its predecessor ere 'twas spent.

Vain strove the lava stream with fury raging  
 To check the mad sea in his wild career;  
 A cloud of steam arose; a smothered hissing  
 Scarce through the roar of waters reached the ear.

Fathoms on fathoms o'er the spot, where lately  
 Through olive groves the evening breezes stole,  
 Where drooped the rose amid the plash of fountains,  
 With tossings wild, tumultuous surges roll!

As now at last recede the angry waters,  
 Then awful work appears on every hand.  
 Where are the shady groves, the laden vineyards,  
 That clothed in waving green the fertile land?

Search in the drifted heaps, that loom unearthly,  
 Like skeletons, against the ruddy light —  
 For still the mountain flames — where ghastly eyeballs  
 Stare from dead faces fixed so cold and white.

But mark, where down the steep descent so lately  
 The molten torrent poured its burning wave,  
 That long, black ridge of lava, cold and stiffened,  
 Beneath it sleeps Arausio in its grave.

I stood an August evening on the seashore.  
 Behind me rose Vesuvius, black and stern;  
 Before me, in the sunset glow, the water,  
 As mixed with liquid fire, did flash and burn.

The sea, the mount, the shore, the smiling landscape  
 Green with resplendent verdure as of old,  
 Were all the same; a long, black ridge of lava  
 Alone the story of destruction told:

How, without warning, all the fires of judgment  
 Burst mercilessly forth that fatal night;  
 How earthquake, flood, eruption, rose in fury  
 And smote the land with their united might.

Beneath that lava ridge, in peace unbroken,  
 Still does the village of Arausio sleep.  
 Beside the ocean wave it long will slumber,  
 Lulled by the ceaseless sobbing of the deep.

Sleep on, O little hamlet! Sleep untroubled!  
 No marble fanes were thine nor stately halls,  
 Whose splendor, to disturb the dead's still city,  
 The ruthless spade of the explorer calls.

Thy sister towns had given thee all thy grandeur,  
 Could they have shared thy long unbroken rest.  
 'Tis in a grave unmarked, unknown, forgotten,  
 Man resteth undisturbed, and resteth best.

Sleep on! and while the mountain watches o'er thee,  
 While earth each spring her freshness doth renew,  
 While autumn brings each year the ripened harvest,  
 And skies of Italy above are blue,

For thee fit requiem will still be sounded;  
 For Ocean, that before thee was the same,  
 The same is now, the same will be for ages,  
 When lost thy story is, forgot thy name,

Ocean, that, ere the land appeared, was tossing,  
 But keeps his youth and freshness evermore,  
 That tamed the fury of thy fierce destroyer,  
 Will sound thy dirge forever on the shore.

J. P. WARREN.

## NOTES.

PURPLE and white! Let every fellow have  
 them in some shape or other at all the games.

A MEETING of the First Class was held October 5th, for the purpose of electing class officers who should hold their offices until the spring vacation. A. H. Gould was unanimously elected President, and J. P. Warren, Secretary.

The question of abolishing the custom of having class colors and of agreeing upon permanent school colors was brought up. It was finally decided to ask the school to appoint a committee to choose the colors. After appointing G. C. Hollister and Twombly to represent the class in this matter, the meeting adjourned.

It may here be remarked that '92 is to be especially noted for sobriety of conduct in class meetings. So quiet was the class when called to order that toward the end of the meeting some of the members, undoubtedly in a panic of fear lest Mr. Walsh, not hearing anyone about, should lock them in, left unceremoniously in the midst of taking a vote. A panic is the result of an unexplainable impulse of the human mind, and only those who have some courage and a strong will can resist the desire to follow the majority. To avoid a future panic from the same cause, let the doughty captains and lieutenants (of course, allowance ought always to be made for the action of the non-drillers) be assured that Mr. Walsh will always be notified when a meeting is to be held.

THE color committee appointed by the school met in the teachers' room Oct. 13th. The committee consisted of Twombly and G. C. Hollister of Room 12, Heard of Room 2, Butler of Room 1, H. W. Williams of Room 3, F. B. Newton of Room 5, W. G. Bruns of Room 6, B. Tower of Room 7, Powers of

Room 17, Edmunds of Room 16, Flint of Room 15, Wheeler of Room 14, Rand of Room 13, and Edmunds of Room 11.

Hollister was elected chairman, whereupon this assembly of the wisest and most tasty men of the school, after long and learned discussion upon the merits of various colors, finally decided on purple and white.

By bringing about the adoption of school colors, the class of '92 makes its memory immortal through all the ensuing ages. How the men of the class of 1992 will envy us as they point out our busts arranged on the radiators of the lower corridor to the many admiring friends assembled on public declamation days!

THE games of "nigger baby" carried on in retired places in the school during the first fifteen minutes after drill are considered quite the social events of the week. A subscription paper is going the rounds to raise money to buy a pillow for the use of the man who comes out worsted.

TEACHER: "Go on, T——."

T——: "Indeed I will speak and not hold you in suspense." Aeneid VI, 752.

WOULD-BE Yale man in Room 18: "You see these two liquids, the one blue and the other red. It has just been proved the blue is of far greater specific gravity than the crimson. This will be better appreciated after November 21st."

"*Caesarum ovium sub nocte silenti pellibus incubuit stratis.*" (Aeneid VII, 87.) This translation of the preceding is *Warren*-ted to be correct: "During the silent night he lay outstretched on broken egg-shells."

It has finally been decided not to change from shoulder-knots to shoulder-straps. The change was warmly advocated by the officers of the third battalion, but the other battalions evidently preferred "vain show" to neatness and simplicity, and so the matter was dropped.

SOME fellows seem to think that to be on the foot-ball team is all work and no play.

Their minds would soon change if they went on one of the team's trips. Among other good times the team will especially remember the trip to Groton. Leaving the train at Ayer Junction, the fellows went about three miles by stage to the school, which is delightfully situated with beautiful views off towards the distant hills. They were received very cordially and given such a jolly time that nobody who saw them at Ayer Junction cheering the stage-driver and then politely requesting him to take off his hat would have thought that they had just been beaten.

ADJUTANT R. B. Metcalf is gradually recovering from his long sickness, and we may hope to see him back in a few weeks.

DODGE, B. L. S. '91, was a Dartmouth substitute in the Harvard-Dartmouth game.

ACCORDING to the Second Class, their colors are black and blue. They ought to know since they constitute the larger part of the foot-ball team.

LOST! a heifer, last seen browsing in the south meadow. Any information regarding the same will be gladly received by H. T——, Room 12. No reward promised.

THE Cambridge Manual Training School has been admitted to the Interscholastic Association by the committee of donors. The clubs constituting the association refused them admittance by a vote of three to two.

INSTRUCTOR in Latin: "What is meant by the *viscera*, or vitals?"

'93, M. D.: "The heart, liver, and gizzard."

THE following scholarships were awarded to B. L. S. men at Harvard for meritorious work during last year: E. S. Mussey, '89, Price Greenleaf; F. G. Jackson, '89, Price Greenleaf; F. B. Gallivan, '89, Browne; G. C. Fiske, '90, Matthews; M. M. Skinner, '90, Matthews; D. J. J. Mulqueeny, '90, Lowell; I. M. Kagan, '90, Whiting; J. P. Fox, '90, Pennoyer; J. E. Gilman, '90, Pennoyer.



B. L. S. recommended a larger number of students for Harvard than any other school in the country. About forty took the final examinations last June.

### SPORTING.

There was but little enthusiasm at the beginning of the foot-ball season, partly on account of the team's poor work last year, and partly on account of the warm weather; but cooler weather has made a change, and the record of the eleven so far speaks well for the future. The first game was played October 1, with the Dorchester High School, on the town field in Dorchester, and resulted in a victory for the B. L. S., with a score of 6 to 0. B. L. S. played the following eleven: Gay, Lewis, Houghton, Shea, Brown, Russell, and Miller in the rush-line; Twombly, quarter-back; Warren and Wilson, half-backs; Beal, full-back. The teams were very evenly matched, although Dorchester's line was somewhat heavier than ours. The only touchdown was made by Wilson, who, aided by good blocking, made a pretty rush half the length of the field. From the down Beal kicked a goal. Gay tackled well and often.

On Saturday, October 3, the B. L. S. men went to Andover. The day was not a model one for foot-ball, as it was very warm and the campus was dusty. It was decided at first to play twenty-five minute halves, but after the first one the boys were so used up by the hot sun and the dust, not to speak of the opposing rush-line, that the last half was shortened to twenty minutes.

Our boys played hard and well, as the score shows. They had a heavy team against them and Andover was coached by an experienced man. Andover made two touchdowns and a goal in the first half, making their third down in the last half. Warren's rushing and the blocking of the backs were remarkably good. Fourteen points is the smallest score ever made by Andover against us. The teams lined up as follows:

| ANDOVER.            |                       | BOSTON LATIN. |
|---------------------|-----------------------|---------------|
| Sears . . . . .     | Left End . . . . .    | Butler.       |
| Armstrong . . . . . | Left Tackle . . . . . | Lewis.        |
| Robinson . . . . .  | Left Guard . . . . .  | Houghton.     |

| ANDOVER.                                           |                        | BOSTON LATIN. |
|----------------------------------------------------|------------------------|---------------|
| Perkins . . . . .                                  | Centre . . . . .       | Shea.         |
| Thompson . . . . .                                 | Right Guard . . . . .  | Scannell.     |
| Rodgers . . . . .                                  | Right Tackle . . . . . | Miller.       |
| Hinkey . . . . .                                   | Right End . . . . .    | McElwain.     |
| Jennings { . . . . .                               | Half-backs . . . . .   | { Warren.     |
| Gould } . . . . .                                  |                        | { Wilson.     |
| Hopkins . . . . .                                  | Full-back . . . . .    | Beal.         |
| Johnstone . . . . .                                | Quarter-back . . . . . | Twombly.      |
| Umpire, Mr. Stone, of Harvard. Referee, Mr. Knapp. |                        |               |

Friday, October 9, the eleven played their third game at Newton with the Newton High School team. The size of the score was partly due to the fine coaching of Mr. Clifford Twombly, a graduate of the B. L. S. and a brother of our worthy quarter-back. Considering the size of the school, the Newton High lined up a fairly strong team and played a plucky game. The final score was 36 to 0. The B. L. S. team was as follows: Butler, Miller, Scannell, Wood, Houghton, Lewis, and Gould in the rush-line; Twombly, quarter-back; Warren and Wilson, half-backs; Beal, full-back. Gould and Lewis rushed well, and Wilson tackled in fine form.

Saturday, October 10, the school team went to Groton and was defeated by a score of 18 to 0. The day was a perfect one for foot-ball, and after a good dinner, which the boys all appreciated, the teams lined up. D. W. Lane, manager of the school eleven in 1889, alternated with Mr. Peabody in refereeing and umpiring. The team was without Scannell, its heaviest man, but would have put up a strong game had not Warren hurt his ankle during the first five minutes of play. Gould took his place back of the line, and McElwain played left end for the rest of the game. Gould, Wilson, and Twombly tackled finely, and Lewis rushed and tackled well. The B. L. S. ends were either slow in getting down on kicks or else ran beyond, and for this reason much of the benefit of Beal's fine punting was lost. Groton made four touchdowns and thus, with a safety by B. L. S., scored 18. After the game lunch was served, and then a grand rush for the train was made. The boys thoroughly appreciate the fine accommodations and generous treatment they received at Groton.

Wednesday, October 14, the team went to

College Hill, Medford, to play Tufts College. We were much inferior to the College team in weight, but we played as pluckily as possible under the circumstances. Twombly and Wilson tackled well, and Wood made some splendid rushes back of the line, where he was taking Warren's place. Wilson hurt his knee towards the end of the last half and was succeeded by McElwain. Several streaks of luck ran the score up higher than it would have been ordinarily. The final score was 48 to 0. Waters, the captain of the team in 1889, coached our fellows. Gould, Lewis, Houghton, Shea, Scannell, Miller, and Butler played in the rush-line; Wood and Wilson, half-backs; Beal, full-back.

HOPKINSON, 12; B. L. S., 0. — We do not often have cause to congratulate ourselves in being defeated, but such is the case now. It was a defeat almost equivalent to a victory. The majority of the school had been indulging in an abstruse mathematical problem: — Groton beat us 18 to 0. Hopkinson beat Groton 56 to 0. Hence, since 56 plus 18 is 74, Hopkinson will beat us 74 to 0. The mathematical ability of these learned men has been utterly confounded. Pluck and strength were the principals in the contest, and although strength won, as is usual in foot-ball, we can comfort ourselves with the thought that the other teams in the league are not so invincible in this respect. As the manager felicitously remarks, we are sure of second place and we want first. The game came off Friday, October 23, and it should be stated that a contest was continually going on between Jack Frost and the shivering crowd of spectators.

We started out with the ball, and, by the novel zigzag trick, Warren gained twenty yards. Beal was obliged to punt, however, and landed the ball behind Hoppy's goal line. Hopkinson gained twenty yards by a wedge, after which B. L. S. got the ball on four downs but soon lost it, and Fairchild's work brought the ball to our goal line. Here the best fight of the day was made. Our line stood like a rock and recovered the ball when it was within a yard of a touchdown. Gould, Shea, and Scannell deserve credit for their magnificent work here. Beal punted the ball into the middle of the field, and, soon after, time was called.

In the second half Hopkinson gained twenty yards by a wedge, and a sharp rush around our end secured them a touchdown. The try for goal failed. Shea gained fifteen yards by breaking away from the wedge, but Hopkinson got the ball, and Watson gained another touchdown around our end. No goal. We were unable to keep the ball, and by their centre work Hoppy pushed the ball over the line again. No goal. The ball was kept in the middle of the field until time was called. Brewer was hurt in the early part of the game and was succeeded by Howland. Twombly's work was especially steady and formed a marked contrast to that of Paul, the Hopkinson quarterback. Our centre checked its opponents well. Beal punted finely and the backs did good work. The teams lined up as follows:

| HOPKINSON.        |                        | BOSTON LATIN |  |
|-------------------|------------------------|--------------|--|
| Stevenson . . . . | Left End . . . . .     | Gay.         |  |
| Watson . . . . .  | Left Tackle . . . . .  | Lewis.       |  |
| Hallowell . . . . | Left Guard . . . . .   | Gould.       |  |
| Russell . . . . . | Centre . . . . .       | Shea.        |  |
| Shepard . . . . . | Right Guard . . . . .  | Scannell.    |  |
| Howland (Heard).  | Right Tackle . . . . . | Miller.      |  |
| A. Brewer . . . . | Right End . . . . .    | Butler.      |  |
| Paul . . . . .    | Quarter-back . . . . . | Twombly.     |  |
| Fairchild { . . . | Half-backs . . . . .   | { Warren.    |  |
| C. Brewer } . . . |                        | { Wilson.    |  |
| Fruend . . . . .  | Full-back . . . . .    | Beal.        |  |

Umpire, Mr. Jupiter. Referee, Mr. Boos.

## THE ELIOT OAK.

In an issue of the *Sunday Herald* two years ago we find the following statement: "There remains at South Natick one of the oak trees planted by the Indians as a token of friendship when John Eliot preached there in 1651. It stands near the first Unitarian Church and close to the spot where the Indians built their palisade circular fort when the plantation was laid. This tree is shown to visitors as the veritable Eliot Oak under which the apostle preached to the natives before their meeting-house was built, but this is incorrect, as that oak was destroyed about fifty years ago by John Gilman."

According to the old annals there were three oaks, two red and one white, standing so as to form a triangle. The two red ones are gone,

but the white one still stands and is a large tree. The tree which the writer in the *Herald* claims to be the Eliot Oak stood where the drinking-fountain is at present, about one hundred feet west of the oak now standing, and was undoubtedly a red oak. Red oaks grow very quickly and live about two hundred years, spending one hundred years in growing and maturing, and one hundred in decaying, while white oaks live about nine hundred years, and grow very slowly, taking three hundred years to grow, three hundred to mature, and three hundred to decay. Now, if the red oak was the one under which John Eliot preached, it must have been a sapling of eight years growth, as it was probably sprouting from an acorn in 1642. Whereas the white oak must have been a good-sized tree, as it is now in its last three hundred years and shows slight signs of decay. Eliot would probably have chosen the tree which would cast the most shadow, so he would have selected the white oak, as that was then the largest. Therefore the white oak is probably the true Eliot Oak.

This oak is still a handsome tree and overshadows the present church, the fifth on the same site, as it did the first church. The first meeting-house was built of logs by the Indians, John Eliot going into the woods with them while they felled and trimmed the timber. The building was 25x50 feet, of two stories, and was used for a church, a school-house, a store, and a study, and was surrounded by a circular fort. The lower story was used for a school-room, except on Sundays, when it was used for a church. The upper was divided into two parts, one part serving as a room for Eliot the other as a storehouse for furs. The oak also overshadows the old cemetery, where lie buried the remains of Rev. Oliver Peabody, the first settled minister, who succeeded John Eliot; here the last descendants of the Natick Indians were also buried; a few feet beyond their graves is the grave of the Indian apostle and preacher, Daniel Takerwambath.

There are many oaks of this kind in this vicinity. About half a mile from this tree is a grove of white oaks, under which George Washington's escort halted for breakfast, when he went to Cambridge to take command of the army.

T., '92.

## THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The tennis tournament proved a great success, notwithstanding the inconveniences of the court and the net. Thirty-one players responded to the invitation and placed their quarters in the hands of honest J. C. Hollister, the treasurer and general manager of the tournament. An excellent racket was given as a prize by Wright and Ditson, and a silver plate, very prettily engraved, was placed upon it. The court, sloping gently from the net, answered to the well-known definition of a water-shed. In one part of it was a cesspool, doubtless meant as a receptacle for the briny sweat from the players' brows. The court was surrounded with brick walls, on which it became the custom to scrape one's shins or bump one's head. The net dangled, if we may so express it, between two slabs of wood, and was much inclined, like the sergeants, "to wander from its proper habitat."

Taking into consideration all these difficulties, the playing of all was very creditable, and that of some few deserves a more complimentary adjective. The following is a summary of the preliminary round:—

|                                        |                |
|----------------------------------------|----------------|
| Gibson, '92, beat Sprague, '93, . . .  | 6-4, 6-4.      |
| Abbott, '93, beat Adams, '92, . . .    | 6-1, 6-1.      |
| Fiske, '92, beat Williams, '92, . . .  | 6-2, 6-0.      |
| Edmunds, '94, beat Wheeler, '96, . . . | 6-4, 6-1.      |
| Cottle, '93, beat Warren, '92, . . .   | 6-0, 6-0.      |
| Rand, '94, beat Johnson, '92, . . .    | 6-2, 6-3.      |
| Hewins, '92, beat Mead, '96, . . .     | 7-9, 6-4, 6-3. |
| Morey, '94, beat Tilden, '94, . . .    | 6-2, 4-6, 6-3. |
| Lewis, '93, beat Neal, '93, . . .      | 6-3, 8-6.      |
| Twombly, '92, beat Barnard, '94, . . . | 4-6, 6-2, 7-5. |
| Beal, '93, beat Small, '92, . . .      | 7-5, 9-7.      |
| Chipman, '94, beat Hovey, '94, . . .   | 6-2, 6-3.      |
| Edwards, '95, beat Gould, '92, . . .   | 6-1, 6-2.      |
| J. C. Hollister, '92, beat G. C. Hol-  |                |
| lister, '92, . . . . .                 | 2-6, 6-3, 8-6. |
| Starr drew a bye.                      |                |
| Horton, '94, beat Ross, '94, . . .     | 6-2, 6-1.      |

The summary of the second round up to the present writing is as follows:

|                                                |                |
|------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Cottle, '93, beat Fiske, '92, . . .            | 6-2, 4-6, 6-1. |
| Edwards, '95, beat Morey, '94, . . .           | 6-2, 6-1.      |
| Twombly, '92, beat Starr, '92, . . .           | 6-3, 6-3.      |
| Horton, '94, beat Edmunds, '94, . . .          | 6-0, 6-2.      |
| Chipman, '94, beat J. C. Hollister, '92, . . . | 7-5, 6-0.      |
| Lewis, '93, beat Hewins, '92, . . .            | 6-3, 6-8, 6-3. |
| Gibson, '92, beat Beal, '93, . . .             | 6-2, 3-6, 6-3. |



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**W**E shall occupy this space for the season and will give due notice about matters of interest to Members of the Class. Make your minds up to have your pictures early this year. You'll get better work, and more promptly, too.

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